



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

on the suppression of that establishment it was granted to the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, and subsequently to the Bishop of Waterford. But be this as it may, it was preserved as a military fortress till it was dismantled in 1649 by that great destroyer of Irish castles, Oliver Cromwell, who, planting his cannon on the opposite hill near the bridge, made a breach in the walls, which speedily induced the garrison to surrender. The breach there is still shown, and according to an old tourist the following story is told in connection with it:—"When the place was besieged by Oliver, a butcher was within the walls, who while the siege lasted could never be prevailed on to come out of the room where he had placed himself; but when the breach was made, and the soldiers began to storm, he took up a handspike, and defended the breach almost alone for some time, and knocked down several soldiers that strove to enter; but finding none to second him, he retired without the least hurt. When the castle was surrendered, he was asked why he would not come to the walls before the breach was made? He replied, 'Damn them, I did not mind what was doing on the outside, but I could not bear their coming into the house,' as he called it."

Ardinnan is a parish in the barony of Iffa and Offa west, county of Tipperary, above four miles S. S. E. from Cahir, and contains about nine hundred inhabitants. The village itself, which extends into the adjoining parish of Ballybacon, contains above three hundred. It was once a place of greater note, and appears to have had a corporation, as it is on record, 4th of Edward II (1311), that a grant of "pontage for three years" was made "to the Bailiffs and good men of Ardfynan" at the request of the Bishop of Limerick. P.

PUSS IN BROGUES,

A LEGEND.

It was about Christmas in the year 1831 that I received an invitation to spend the holidays with a friend who resided in a valley embosomed amongst the loftiest of those mountains which form the boundary between the King's and Queen's counties. The name of my host was Garret Dalton; he held a considerable tract of land at a low rent, and by hard working and thrifty living contrived not only to support his family in comparative comfort, but to "lay up a snug penny in the horn" for his only daughter Nanny, who was at this time about fourteen years of age, and, as her fond father often proudly boasted, "the pattrern or as purty a colleen as you'd find from the seven churches of Clonmacnoise to the hill or Howth—wherever that was."

Garret was generous and hospitable; his house "was known to all the vagrant train," and the way-worn pilgrim, the wandering minstrel, the itinerant "boccough," and the strolling vender of the news and gossip of the day, were always secure of a welcome reception at his comfortable fireside.

Amongst the most constant of his guests was one Maurice O'Sullivan, a native of the county of Cork. Maurice was a most venerable-looking personage—tall, gaunt, athletic, and stone blind. He was about eighty years of age; his white hair flowed on his shoulders, and he played the Irish bagpipes delightfully. He was the lineal descendant of a family still famous in the annals of the "green isle;" and although now compelled to wander through his native land in the garb and character of a blind piper, he had once seen better days, and was possessed of education and intelligence far superior to most of his caste. He was intimately acquainted with the sad history of his country, was devotedly attached to the dogmas of the fairy creed, could recite charms and interpret dreams, and was deeply conversant in all those witch legends and traditions for which the Munster peasantry are so peculiarly celebrated. Hence Maurice was always a special favourite with my enthusiastic friend, who regularly entertained him at his own table, and who, when they would have disposed of their plain but comfortable and substantial meal, would treat his blind guest to repeated "rounds" of good "half and half," composed of water from the spring, and the *potteen* of the valley. It was night-fall when I arrived, and the happy family, consisting of Garret and his wife, Nanny their eldest girl, and her two little brothers, with Paddy Bawn the "sarvint boy," and Ounty the "girl," including blind Maurice, were collected in a smiling group around the immense turf fire. In that day teetotalism had made little progress in Ireland; a huge copper kettle was therefore soon hissing on the fire; a large grey-beard of mountain-

dew stood on the huge oak-table; tumblers and glasses glittered in their respective places; and, in a few minutes we were all engaged in discussing the merits of a large jug of *potteen* punch. All were happy; Garret talked, his wife smiled; told all the "new news" of the Queen's county; whilst the spaces were filled up by blind Maurice, who played several of his most delightful national airs on his antique-looking pipes, whilst invariably as he concluded each successive lay, he would enrich the treat by some tradition connected with the piece he had been playing, and which threw an indescribable charm not only around the performance, but the performer.

"That's a curious thing," remarked Garret, as the piper concluded one particular rant; "it's a quare medley, sometimes gay and sometimes sad, and sometimes like the snarlin' of a growlin' dog, and again exactly like the mewling of a cat."

The piper smiled. "And have you," he asked, "never heard me play that tune before?—and did I never tell you the strange story connected with it?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Well, that is strange enough; that tune is an old favourite in Munster, and I thought the whole world had heard of it."

"It never kem to Glen-Mac-Tir, anyhow," replied the farmer, "or I'd surely have heard of it. How d'ye call the name of it?"

"*Caith-na-broqueen*—that is in English, Puss in Brogues," said the piper.

"Well," said Garret, "it's often I heard of Puss in Boots, but I never heard of Puss in Brogues afore."

"Well, I'll tell you and this good company all about it," said Maurice, laying down his pipes and wiping his forehead.

"Ay, but afore you begin," said Garret, "take another dhrop to wet your whistle, and you'll get on the betther with your story."

The piper seized the flowing tumbler again, and raising it to his lips, gaily exclaimed, whilst his attenuated hand shook nervously beneath the weight of the smoking goblet,

"*Sho-dhurilth*, your healths, my friends, glory to our noble selves; and if this be war, may we never have more peaceable times."

"Amen," was the fervent response of every one present.

"Now for the *Caith-na-broqueen*," said Garret.

"Ay, and a wild and strange tale it is," said Maurice. "However, it is a popular tradition in South Munster, and often when a boy have I listened to it, whilst my eyes, now dark for ever, would glisten with delight, and I would even fear to breathe the lest one syllable of the legend might escape me." Then emitting a deep-drawn sigh, and again wiping his polished brow, he thus began.

"At the foot of a hill in a lonely district of the county of Cork, about a dozen miles from my native village, there lived in old times a poor man named Larry Roche. He was, they say, descended from that family of the Roches once so mighty in the south of Ireland, and some branches of which still retain a considerable degree of their former consequence and respectability. Poor Larry, however, although the blood of kings might flow through his veins, was neither rich nor respectable; and his only means of support was a patch of barren land, which he held from that celebrated sportsman Squire B—, in consideration of his services as care-keeper of a vast extent of bog and heath, the property of the squire, and which extended far westward of poor Larry Roche's cabin. Yet Larry was not discontented with his situation. His father and grandfather had lived and died in the same cabin; and although sometimes he might feel disposed to envy the fine times which the sporting squire enjoyed, yet on cool reflection he would console himself with the consideration that "it was not every one that was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," and that even squire B— himself, as grand as he was, was on the "look down," or he would not spend so much of his time wading through fens and bogs at home, but like his ancestors be lavishing his thousands amongst the *Sassenaghs* at the other side of the lough, or driving about on the continent. Thus rolled away poor Larry's days in poverty and contentment. In the shooting season his time was occupied in following his master over heath and hillock with his game-bag on his shoulder, and his "dhudeen" in his teeth, whilst the rest of the year was spent in lounging about the ditches of the neighbourhood, chatting with the cronies of the vicinity about his family connexions, or the fairies of Glendharig, or squabbling with his good woman and his young ones: for Larry was married; and as his wife was exactly a counterpart of himself, every hour

of course gave fresh cause for that bickering and disagreement so often the result of untimely and ill-assorted marriages.

The only domestic animal in or about Larry Roche's cabin was a ferocious-looking old black tom-cat, far bigger and stronger than any cat ever seen in that part of the country. His fur was black, he had strong whiskers, his nails were like a tiger's, and at the end of his tail was fixed a claw or "gaff" as sharp and hooked as a falcon's beak; his eyes also flashed by night with an appalling glare, and his cry was a savage howl, baffling all description, and unlike any sound ever heard from any other animal. He was as singular in his habits, too, as in his appearance. He was never known to demand a morsel of food; and if offered any, he would reject it with indignation. Every evening at twilight he left the fireside, and spent the night scouring over moor and heather, and at day-break would return from his foray, gaining access through the low chimney of the cabin, and be found in the morning in his usual position on the hob-stone. There he would sit from morning till night; and when Larry and Betty and the "chil're" were chatting in a group around the fire, the cat would watch them intently, and if the nature of their conversation was such as to excite laughter or merriment, he would growl in a low tone, evidently dissatisfied; but if their dialogues were held in a jarring, angry strain, as sometimes happened, he would purr hoarsely and loudly, whilst the wagging of his tail testified the pleasure he felt in their feuds and dissensions. The family had often been advised to make away with him, but superstitious awe or family prejudice prevented them; and although the whole neighbourhood averred that "he was no right thing," yet for the reasons I have stated his owners never could be induced to make any attempt to banish or destroy him.

One dreary evening in October, Larry returned from his day's wandering with the squire over the bleak bogs, and although it rained, and the wind blew bitterly, he appeared in much better spirits than was usual with him on similar occasions. His wife wondered, and made more than usual preparations to please him. She trimmed the fire, and assisted him in taking off his dripping clothes, and then commenced pouring her sympathy for his sufferings.

"Oh, never mind," said Larry; "I have good news."

"Arrah, sit down," said Betty, "and tell us what it is."

Larry sat down, and putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a glittering gold coin.

"Arrah, Larry, avourneen, what's that?" asked the woman.

"Faith, it's a rare yellow boy, a good goold guinea," replied Larry. "The squire gev it to me, and tould me to buy a pair of brogues with it, and drink his health with the balance."

"Och, musha! then, long life to him," vociferated Betty; "and, Larry, a-hagur, will you buy the brogues?"

"Faix and I will," said Larry, "and another rattling pair for yourself, a-chorra."

"Ay, daddy, and another pair for me," shouted young Larry.

"And another for me," cried Thady.

"And another for me," chuckled Charley.

"Ay, and two pair for me," cried the black cat, speaking in a wild unearthly tone from the hob-stone, and breaking forth into a horrible laugh.

"Devil knock the day-lights out of yez all," cried Larry, without seeming to take any notice of the strange circumstance, though his heart died within him with terror and surprise.

"Lord have mercy on us!" faintly ejaculated Betty, signing her brow, whilst all the children started up in terror, and ran behind their parents in the chimney-corner.

All this time the cat remained silent on the hob; but his aspect, at all times terrible, now seemed perfectly monstrous and hideous. For some time a death-like silence was preserved, but at last Larry plucked up courage to address the speaking animal.

"And, in the name of God," he began, "what business have you with brogues?"

"Ask me no questions," replied the cat, "but get me the brogues as soon as possible."

"Oh, by all means," replied Larry, quite gently, "you must have them; and why did you not ask them long ago, and you should have got them?"

"My time was not come," replied Puss, briefly.

"Well," resumed Larry, "to-morrow is Sunday, and at day-break I will start off to my gossip Phadrug Donovan's, in Mill-street, to engage the brogues; he is the best brogue-

maker in the county, and he is my first gossip besides."

"I know all that," said the cat, as he leaped up the chimney, on his departure to the scene of his midnight wanderings. "Good night, Larry, and don't forget your engagement;" and he disappeared through the gathering gloom, to the great relief of poor Larry and his terrified family.

That was a sad and uneasy night with poor Larry and his wife and children. They did not go to bed at all, but sat trembling at the fire, expecting every moment that the black imp would return with legions of fiends to carry them away, body and bones, to the regions below. Numerous were the plans proposed for getting rid of their old companion, but all were rejected—some as inefficient, others as impracticable; and the only point on which they could finally agree, was, that their days were numbered, and that perhaps before morning their blood would be streaming on the hearth-stone, and their souls wandering through mire and morass, the prey of troops of fiends.

At last the morning dawned, and as Larry disconsolately enough was preparing to set forward on his journey to Mill-street, the cat jumped down the chimney, and took his usual place on the hob.

"Well, I am going now," said Larry; "have you any directions to give about the brogues?"

The cat did not reply, but uttered a hideous growl, which fell heavily on the poor fellow's heart; so kissing his wife and children, and commending them to the protection of God, he set out on his sorrowful journey.

He had not gone far when he perceived through the dim grey of the morning a human figure approaching; and on advancing a little nearer, he found that it was a very old man, of extremely diminutive stature and forbidding aspect. He wore an old grey coat and an equally old woollen cap, and his thin white hair descended to his knees; he was barefoot, and carried a walking-stick in his hand.

"Good morrow, and God save you, Larry Roche," said the old man as he came up.

"A bright morning to you," answered Larry.

"How is every rope's length of you, Larry, and how is the woman and the chil're at home?" demanded the stranger.

"Faix, purty well, considherin," replied Larry. "But you have a great advantage of me."

"How's that?" said the old man.

"Why, because you know me so well, while I have no more knowledge of you than of the man in the moon."

"Och, I'd know your skiu in a tan-yard," said the old chap, laughing. "But is it possible you don't know me?"

"Faix if God Almighty knows no more about you than I do, the devil will have a prey of you one of those days," replied Larry.

"Well, say no more about that," said the old fellow, rather angrily. "But where are you going this blessed Sunday morning, Larry?"

"To Mill-street," said Larry.

"All the ways—musha! what's taking you to Mill-street, Larry?"

"My feet and my business," said Larry, something piqued at the old fellow's inquisitive importunity.

"You are very stiff this morning, Larry," said the stranger with a grin.

"I am worse than that," said the poor fellow; "the heart within me is sick and sore."

"And what troubles you now, Larry?"

Larry hereupon told the whole of his strange misfortunes to the stranger, ending with a deep "ochone," and wishing, if it was the will of God, that "his four bones were stretched in the church-yard of Kilebawn."

"You'll be there time enough for your welcome, may be," said the old chap, "but that's neither here nor there. What will you do with the black cat?"

"Och, sweet bad luck to all the cats alive, both black and white," imprecated Larry.

"That cat's a devil—a fiend," said the stranger; "and more than that, he intends to murder you and your family this very night."

Larry groaned and crossed his forehead, whilst the stranger's hideous countenance was convulsed with half-suppressed laughter.

"Well, Larry," said he again, "I am your friend, and I have power to save you and yours, on one condition; and that is, that you will stop up the window in the back wall of your cabin."

"Faith and I'll do that with a heart and a half," said Larry. "But what do you want that for?"

"I'll tell you that another time," said the little man.

"Go home now, and say you can't proceed to Mill-street without taking the wife and children with you, to leave the measure of their feet for the brogues. Tell the cat also that he must come too, to have his fit taken; then tie him up in a bag, and bring him with you; fasten this hair around your neck," added the old man, at the same time extracting a single white hair from his head, "and all the imps of hell cannot hurt you. But mind and don't open your lips from the time you leave home till you come to this spot; and when you arrive here with the cat, sit down and wait the event."

A thick fog now suddenly rose, and the old man was hidden from the sight of Larry, who, greatly overjoyed, returned to his cabin to execute the orders he had got, and was met by his wife, who was trembling for his safe return, but did not expect him sooner than night.

"Musha! Larry agragal, you're welcome," she exclaimed; "and what in the name of God turned you back?"

"I am coming for you and the gorsoons; you must all come to Mill-street to have your measure taken for the brogues."

"And must I go too?" asked the cat.

"Faix you must," said Larry; "if natural Christians could'n't be fitted without bein' on the spot, it's hard to expect that you could."

"And how am I to travel?" he asked.

"In a bag on my back," replied Larry. "I'll whip you through the country like a dinner to a hog, and man or mortal shall never be the wiser, if the brogue-maker keeps his tongue quiet."

"I'll go bail he will," said Puss, "for I'll kill him the very night the brogues is brought home."

"Lord have mercy on him!" ejaculated Larry, his heart sinking within him.

"Pray for yourself—may be you want mercy as well as him," said the cat.

The preparations were soon completed, and the cat being put into the bag, Larry tied the mouth of it firmly with a piece of cord, and then slung it on his shoulder; and after acquainting his wife with his adventure with the old man on "Moin-more," he departed, whistling the air of "Thamama Thulla."

He soon gained the spot where he had parted with the old man, and looking round and perceiving nobody, he sat down on the green fern, still holding the bag which contained his terrible fellow-traveller.

"What stops you Larry?" asked the cat.

Larry, recollecting the old man's injunction, spoke not, but continued whistling.

"Does anything ail you, Larry?"

"Whoo, hoo, phoo, hoo—Thamemo Chodladh."

"Is Betty and the childre to the fore?"

"Thamemo Chodladh."

"Bad luck to you and your 'Thamemo Chodladh,'" cried the cat.

"That the prayers may fall on the preacher," said Larry to himself.

The cat now began to make desperate efforts to escape from the bag, whilst Larry redoubled his exertions to detain him. His attention, however, was soon arrested by the cry of hounds, and on looking westward, he perceived, rapidly approaching over the morass, a big black man mounted on a black horse, and accompanied by a numerous pack of black dogs.

"Ochone," thought Larry, "now I am coached of all ever happened me. Here is the chap's black friends coming to rescue him, and they wont leave a toothful a-piece in my carcass."

"Let me go, Larry," said the cat, "let me go, and I'll show you where there's a cart-load of gold buried in the ground." But Larry remained silent, and meantime the horseman and hounds came up.

"Good morrow and good luck, Larry Roche," said the black equestrian, with a grim smile.

"Good morrow, kindly, your worship," said Larry.

"Is that a fox you have in the bag, Larry?"

"No, in troth," said Larry, "though I believe he is not much honester than a fox."

"I must see what it is, any how," said the sable horseman, with a gesticulation which convinced Larry at once that he was the fellow whom he had seen before.

So Larry opened the bag, and out jumped Puss, and away with him over the bog like a flash of lightning. The wild huntsman hallooed his dogs, and the pursuit commenced, but the cat was soon surrounded and torn to pieces.

"Now," said the horseman, "I must bid you farewell;" and off he went; and then Larry returned home with the happy tidings, and the squire's guinea was spent in the purchase of sundry bottles of "Tom Corcoran's" best potteen; but we must do Larry the justice to say that his agreement with the old man was punctually performed, and the back window stopped as effectually as mud and stones could do it.

A few nights after, Larry was aroused from his sleep by the merry tones of bagpipes at his fire-side, and getting up, he perceived the kitchen illuminated with a bright, reddish glare, whilst on the hob-stone he saw, snugly seated, the ever remembered little old man playing a set of bagpipes, to the delightful tones of which hundreds of little fellows with red caps and red small-clothes were capering about the floor.

"God bless the man and the work!" said Larry, "and warm work yez have ov it this hour ov the night."

The little fellow hereupon set up a shout, and rushing to the door, flew through it, one of them striking poor Larry a box on the right eye, which blinded it.

"Good night, Misthur Larry," said the piper; "and how is your four bones? and how is the good woman that owns you?"

"Och, no fear at all ov the woman," replied Larry; "and as for my bones, they are well enough; but, faith, my right eye, I believe, is in whey in my head."

"Well, it will teach you how to speak to your betters in future," said the little piper; "never mention the holy name again, when talking to the 'good people.'"

"But, Larry, listen: I'll now tell you why I wanted you to stop up your back window."

"You must know that this cabin of yours stands on the middle of a fairy pass. We often come this way in our wanderings through the air in cold nights, and often we wished to warm ourselves at your fire-side; but as there was a window in the back of your cabin, we had not power to stop, but were compelled to pursue our journey. Now that the window is stopped, we can come in and remain as long as we wish, and resume our journey through the door by which we enter. We pass this way almost every night, and you need never feel in the least apprehensive of injury so long as you let us pursue our pastimes undisturbed."

"I'll be bound me or mine shall never annoy one of yez," said Larry,

"That's a good fellow, Larry," said the little chap; "and now take those pipes and play us a tune."

"Och, the devil a chanter I ever fingered," said Larry, "since I was christened."

"No matter," said the little fellow; "I'll go bail you'll play out of the soot."

Larry "yoked" on the pipes, and lilted up in darling style a merry tune, whilst the old chap was ready to split with laughing.

"What's the name of that tune?" said Larry.

"Caith-na-broqueen," replied the fairy piper; "a tune I composed in memory of your escape from the cat; a tune that will soon become a favourite all over Munster."

Larry handed back the pipes; the little man placed them in a red bag, and, bidding his host "good night," dashed up the chimney.

The next night, and almost every following night, the din of fairy revels might be heard at Larry Roche's fire-side, and Larry himself was their constant companion in their midnight frolics. He soon became the best performer on the bagpipes in the south of Ireland, and after some time surrendered his cabin to the sole occupation of the "good people," and wandered with his family through all the Munster counties, and was welcome and kindly treated wherever he came. After some time, the cabin from neglect fell, and offered no further impediment to the fairy host in their midnight wanderings, whilst Larry followed a life of pleasure and peace, far from the scene of his former perils and privations.

The cat, of course, was never seen after; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood say that the screams of the infernal fiend, mingled with the deep howlings of hell-hounds and the savage yellings of the sable hunter, may be distinctly heard in horrid chorus amongst the fens and morasses of the broad Moin-more.

Thus ended the strange tale of Maurice O'Sullivan, who

in addition to the unanimous applause of the company present, was treated to another flowing tumbler of the barley bree, which he tossed off to the health of those who, to use his own words, were "good people" in earnest—not fays or fairies, however, but the hospitable folks of Glen-Mac-Tir; adding at the same time that he was resolved to gratify the lovers of legendary lore with another of his wild Munster tales on the following night. J. K.

ITINERANT GOLDSMITHS OF INDIA AND SUMATRA.

IN the production of beautiful specimens of mechanical art, much more depends upon the natural taste and ingenuity of the workman than upon the completeness and perfection of his tools. To those who are not much acquainted with the mechanical arts, this may sound somewhat like a self-evident proposition; yet it is far, very far indeed, from being considered such by European mechanics in general, and by our own in particular. So commonly is the blame of clumsy workmanship laid upon the badness or the want of tools, that an anecdote is related of a man, who, upon being spoken to by a friend for having committed numerous grammatical errors in a letter which he had just written, cursed his pen, and asked his friend how he could be so excessively unreasonable as to expect him or any man to write good English with such a wretched implement!

To such a degree of excellence has the manufacture of mechanical tools and instruments arrived in these countries, that a British mechanic would be utterly astonished could he but behold the process of manufacturing various articles in the East; such for example as the shawls of Persia and Cashmere, the carvings in wood and ivory of China, the extraction of metal from the ore in the same country, by which malleable iron is produced fit for immediate use, and of the finest quality, by a single process; and, not to tire by enumeration, the productions of the itinerant goldsmiths of India and the island of Sumatra. These last excel in filagree work, for which they are celebrated, far exceeding even the Chinese in its extraordinary delicacy; yet their tools are ruder than those of the Indian goldsmith of the continent.

When a Sumatran goldsmith is engaged to manufacture some piece of gold or silver work, he first asks for any little piece of thin iron—a bit of an iron hoop will answer his purpose—and with this he makes an instrument for drawing his wire. The head of an old hammer stuck in a block of wood serves for an anvil; and for a pair of compasses he is contented with two old nails tied together at the heads. If he has a crucible, good; if not, a piece of a broken rice-pot or a china tea-cup answers his purpose. His furnace is an old broken *quallee* or iron pot, and his bellows a joint of bamboo, through which he blows with his mouth. If the work be heavy, and the quantity of metal to be melted considerable, three or four sit round the furnace, each with his bamboo, and blow together. It is only at Padang, where the manufacture is carried on extensively, that the Chinese bellows has been introduced. The art of wire-drawing not having been considerably improved upon since the time of Tubalcain, the Sumatran method differs little from the European.

When drawn sufficiently fine, the wire is flattened by beating it upon the anvil, and when flattened, it is twisted by rubbing it upon a block of wood with a flat stick. Having twisted it, the goldsmith again flattens it upon the anvil, and it is then a flat wire with serrated or indented edges, suitable for forming leaves or portions of flowers; these he makes by turning down the end of the wire with a rude pincers, and then cutting it off; this process is repeated until he has a sufficient number prepared for his work. The pattern he has drawn on a piece of paper or card, to the size and shape of which the intended piece of workmanship must correspond. If the work is to be formed upon a plate of gold, he cuts the plate to the shape of his pattern, and proceeds to dispose the various bits of foliage, assorted according to size, and adjusts wire of various thickness for the stems, tendrils, &c., fastening them temporarily together, and upon the plate, with the sago berry, called *boca sago*, which they reduce to a pulp by grinding upon a rough stone; and a young cocoa nut, about the size of a walnut, forms the ointment-box for this gelatinous preparation. When the work has been all placed in order, the operator prepares his solder, which consists of gold filings and borax mingled with water; this he strews upon the plate and applies to the several points of contact of the finer por-

tions of his work; and then, exposing the whole to the action of the fire, in a few moments the soldering is completed. But if it is open work, he lays out the foliage and other parts upon a card or thin bit of soft wood, and attaches them together, as before described, with the pulp of the sago berry, applies the solder to the points of junction, and puts his work into the fire as before; the card or wood burns away, the solder unites the parts, and the work is completed; but if the piece be very large, the soldering is done at several times. When the work is finished as to the manufacturing part, it is cleaned and brightened by boiling it in water with common salt and alum, or lime juice; and when the goldsmith wishes to give it a fine purple colour, he boils it in water with sulphur. The beautiful little balls with which the Sumatran filagree work is sometimes ornamented, are very simply made. The maker merely drills a small hole in a piece of charcoal, into which he puts some grains of gold dust, and upon exposing it to the fire, it runs into a perfect ball.

At finishing plain work, however, it must be confessed that the Sumatran and Indian goldsmiths fall short of the European; but if the latter excel in this, which may be considered the lowest department of the art, they are, despite their improvements and the superiority of their instruments, vastly inferior in the elegance and delicacy of the finer parts.

The Sonah Wallah (which signifies in Hindoostanee "the gold fellow"), or itinerant goldsmith of India, is far better supplied with tools and implements of his trade than the Sumatran; and being thus a step higher in the grade of civilization, he exhibits evidences of his advance in refinement by being such a confounded rogue, that it is almost impossible for even his European employer to detect him, or prevent him from pilfering some portion of the metal consigned to his ingenuity. The Sonah Wallah may be hired for half a rupee (a little over a shilling) a-day, and, like the tinkers in these countries, he brings his implements with him. These consist of a small forge, to the edge of which are attached several iron rings, which may be turned up over the charcoal to receive his crucibles; a tin tube to blow through, a pair of slight iron tongs, a pair of small pliers, a hammer, a couple of earthen saucers, and a rude anvil consisting of a piece of flint secured in a rough iron frame. The gold usually presented to him for working is the gold mohur, a coin worth about 32s. sterling; this coin he places in a crucible with a little borax, to make it fuse the more readily; and having fixed the crucible in one of the rings, and lighted the charcoal under and around it, he blows with his tin tube until the metal is melted, when he practises a trick of his trade by throwing in a small quantity of nitro-muriatic acid, which causes a sudden expansion or slight explosion, by which a portion of the metal is thrown out of the crucible into the fire, from the extinguished embers of which the rogue separates it at a convenient opportunity; and lest his employer should try to detect him by weighing the material both before and after working, he uses a copper rod for stirring the contents of the crucible, a portion of which rod melts and mingles with the gold, and so compensates for the deficiency in weight, or at least so nearly as invariably to escape detection, although it is more than probable that an instance seldom or never occurs in which they do not defraud their employers of a portion of the gold put into their hands. The fact is, that their admirable skill so completely compensates for their knavery, that few would think of questioning too closely, for, rude and simple as are their tools, they far exceed European workmen in the production of delicate and intricately formed trinkets; their small, taper, and flexible fingers more than supplying the place of the numerous varieties of implements which the mechanic of Birmingham or Sheffield finds indispensably necessary. Indian chains of gold and silver have been ever celebrated for the beauty and complication of their structure; and although the Sonah Wallah may be considered to excel particularly in this branch of his art, yet he still must be admitted to surpass, or at least equal, the European even in the manufacture of finger rings, bracelets, and armlets.

Much of the superior ingenuity of the Indian goldsmith may be attributable to the division of the people into castes or sections, by which fundamental law the same profession is carried on by the same people or family through countless generations; the Shastra, or code of Hindoo laws, forbidding the mixture of the castes, or interference with any business or profession not carried on by their progenitors.

There are four integral divisions of the people. The first caste, the Brahmins, are said by the Hindoo scriptures to